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Day 1: Misjudged the time it takes to get anywhere on the tube again & cut it a little fine for the train for Bodmin Parkway but not, it seems, as fine as Angus did cause he didn't slow up. Presumably his train from Newcastle got in a bit late & he didn't make the connection. As is her bent, Fay staged on her own in the train on the way down & Dan & I, due to the unforeseen luxury of an old first class carriage as we had reserved a seat. Comfort; not much of that for a while I think. My knees are certainly going to want to bugger off & find a new owner!

SH & a small crew of people most of whom seemed to be called Tony(!?) came to pick us up. She seemed a bit brusque, hard day on site presumably. She was still picking the dirt out her fingernails. She looked like a walking pair of sunglasses when we first saw her.

After what can best be described as a prelude to the Lombard R.A.C. Rally we arrived at the rather steep Julids wells campsite. ~~My~~ The caravan smells a little like my grandfathers underwear drawer but apart from that, I'm glad I'm not camping. Fay on the other hand is & she'll love it if it gets stormy. SH has just whirled by to say hello & to from a little about the caravan we'd been given. BB has also come by to acknowledge our arrival. The meeting this evening should be interesting & I hope the caravan that we're in is still ours by the time we get back.

Day 2 08/06/97: The tour round ~~the~~ a few of the structures in the east & west settlements was interesting. One thing that struck me was that CT & BB & to slightly lesser extent SH had in the past made it quite clear that it was part of the projects aims ~~to~~ to reduce the

control of knowledge in dissemination. With this in mind, the whole tour seemed to be an exercise in just that control. CT seems to use word like "is" & "was" a little too freely. An interesting add-on to this is, Angus (I think) put forward a suggestion about the nature of a feature which was different to CT's own view put forward a moment earlier. CT's reaction was to smile in forbearance, turn round & soldier on to the next set of stones which he saw as significant. Not, it has to be said, what I expected. Apart from that the tour was informative but I couldn't help feeling that our minds were being made up ~~forward~~ for us. Some of the interpretations of "significant stones" or "Shrines" were a little questionable but I'm prepared to have a different view when I begin to understand the landscape a bit better. The Sociologist's questions (Tony's to be precise) were a bit curious. What, he wanted to know, did we find were the 3 most significant things of the morning's tour. For me it was the structural details of the hat walls, the questionability of CT's "Shrines" & something I can't remember came to the end of the day! Scary sideways rain too this morning!!

The afternoon was head down in the trench. I made enough noise to ~~see~~ SH during the morning for her to put me with Chris (.....) in structure 39. I was only cleaning but it gave me a chance to chew over how the "hats" may have been built, in particular about the cellular structure of the walls.

Day 3 09/08/97: Two words TIRED, KNEES.

First full day of travelling on the moor. The weather was very "Dachshund" low mist & rain it was in this that I started with Helen on her Cairn. SH had said before the project that each Grend has its own character & it's certainly true. The

Travelling technique that Helen required of me was very different from what had been required by Chris the day before. That was also true of Mike's "Lut" 23 in the afternoon. There are an awful lot in the way of soil changes in that structure & it takes quite a bit of concentration to get to understand what you're seeing. Mike's guess though, he makes a point of telling you what's going on in the soil & what you're looking for. "Lut 23" is ~~the~~ I think, probably not a living space. I'm not 100% certain why. I think that yet ~~but~~ but I'll think about it. I'd like to work on both structures fairly regularly to try to understand them. Made a bit of a boob at 23 & stood on a stone that every body's been standing on all afternoon & dumped it over the ~~the~~ section & into the trench - oops! Mike was good though. I think I'd have bitten my tongue.

So what's this form all about then!? I don't know what MV wants but I really don't think he's going to get it with that set of fairly absurd questions. Added to that I think some of the crew might be bordering on the offended at some of them. We'll see.

Day 4, 10/06/97: It got a tad damp by this afternoon so I'm sitting in the caravan with the heater on full monty surrounded by excessively wet clothes & bags. One thing I forgot to write yesterday was that Tony's "curious" questions asked after the tour on Sunday apparently have pegged me as pragmatic & ~~more~~ thoughtful of the way a site should be approached. I suppose that's true, I think I'd like to be more intuitive & 'feeling' about the site but I'm not really, at least not yet. I'm finding that tea breaks are getting in the way a bit. Just as I get settled into a task & begin to follow the changes in the soil tea comes up & by the time we get

back to the trench. iether the surface has dried up or it's rained & everything's been obscured, irritating. It's really leaving it down & out there, if this keeps up I don't think we'll be getting out on site which will give me a chance to think about the structures. It seems that Fay, Angus, Dan & I have rather settled in with getting a lift with Penny. Thing about that is, Tony was intending to study the relationships within the "digging" team including the journeys to & from site, difficult if he's not there. I'm finding it a little difficult to think about a paper by consider what's happening on site because I'm iether too busy concentrating on keeping track of my little patch of structure 23 or I'm too tired. Funny thing about travelling for 7 hours a day is you get stuck into your immediate tasks & surroundings & can't see or understand the broader picture & that's what I really want. Cool, found a flint! Horrah!
Tony came to visit us toward the end of the day to issue us with a map on which to plot our movements including our peeing places, interested in toilets apparently our Tony. Poor sod tried, very politely to give Mike one but he was completely dismissed with a rather terse "far more important things to do" Hmm.

Day 5 11/06/97: I'm really getting a little fed up with having wet feet oh well that's Bealmin for you. The morning was a bit of a no go because the soil was too wet & the trench full of water but at least I got a chance to tackle my field notebook in the field which made a nice change. Late morning was a real eye opener & I've finally regained my sense of why I'm here. Tony asked us a few questions of a more personal nature & would like to have

a look at the way we've brought home to Juliet's well. This partly involves having a look around our caravan, possibly this evening so that should be interesting. I like to know how people perceive me so I'm quite looking forward to discovering longer perceptions.

The main event for me today though was the stone moving session ~~of~~ over at H39. Watching the destruction process began to give me a real sense of how the 'huts' may have been built. Particularly interesting was the 'back' of the structure (if a circular structure can be said to have a back) where it appears that the wall was constructed to a taper. Talking to Sue has made me feel more a part of the project than just one of CT's "diggers". She has a wonderful sense of what will engage each of us, she knew I would get a lot out of ~~the~~ watching ~~the~~ the stone moving, it was like somebody had pressed my "go" switch.

Day 6 12/06/97: We had a really bizarre game of I spy in the back of the van to kick off the morning & I had something of a contemplative day over ch 23. There is now that I'm back in the caravan I can't remember what I was contemplating. I'm very tired too & that can't be helping.

Mikes just popped by to explain his form & to try to make himself seem like a little less of an ogre. We have all been somewhat suspicious of him, his meteorology & his motives & I'm sure he's aware of that. Having said that his efforts to explain himself are welcome. I'm looking forward to a day off. I think well of probably go to Tintagel tomorrow.

Day 7 13/06/97: Day off! We did spend the day in Tintagel & it's cool. It's the only place I've seen so far that is cheerier than Blackpool! It's kind of like the way!

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imagine some American entertainment tycoon to invase a cornish
seaside village. A very special kind of horrible. I've been
completely distracted all day. I haven't got a clue what I've
been distracted by but my mind's been in all sorts of places,
none of which were the place that my body was. The meal was
nice though. Oh, & I haven't given Mike his form yet, must do
that. Ray & Angus have bravely gone swimming in the campsite
pool. I can almost see the bicycles from here.

Day 8 14/08/94: Everybody was quite subdued on the way
to site this morning. I think we were all tired after allow-
ing our bodies to relax for a day. It turned out to be
a lovely day up on Leskernick. Though, the first thing
in fact that I got away with dry feet! It wasn't Mike's
day though. He was not happy about being interrupted
to go & move a stone from H39, he clearly felt that
he didn't need to be there & was decidedly short with
Sue, who was suitably short back. After their little exchange
Mike went off back to H23 with the air of a man who
had no intention of leaving it again. I stayed behind
to watch the stone being moved. It was the biggest stone
that anyone had so far attempted to move & it ~~was~~ was
lying flat, with a little ~~to~~ rubble underneath, on top of
the big triangular graunder that forms the backbone of
H39. There was some argument as to the origin of that stone.
Sue & Pete Herring felt that it had been imported
in fairly modern times i.e. to be worked & drilled. Mike fairly
quickly put paid to that idea of later working. Had a
good look at that stone, its position, the edges, what
was underneath it. I'd like some information on the differential
weathering of the face & edges. I'll have to ask the
Schmidt hammer boys about that. Pete Herring & I had

a bit of a disagreement about my interpretation of the original position of that stone. I feel that it stood on the long edge which, as we found it, faced inward. We found it laying flat & I think it fell into that position with the rubble underneath & it subsequently slipped down the line of the wall which ran down hill. P.H. ~~didn't~~ didn't like one that on the grounds that "that would make the walls too high for my liking". Well that's a bag of bollocks isn't it! It's not up to Peter Hemmings how the prehistoric people built their structures now is it? The more time I spend up there the ~~less~~ less convinced I am that the structures were houses in which a past community lived. What that leaves us with I don't know, but we'll see.

I would really like to get to grips with how these structures were built & the ~~lack~~ lack of information only makes me more curious. I think Leskernick represents a unique opportunity to understand these types of buildings & I'm not prepared to go with safe interpretations. Every step of the construction, destruction & reconstruction of these structures needs to be thought about in terms of why & then how. And I don't care if Mr Comball thinks I'm wrong. If I am I'll prove it to myself.

Day 9 15/06/97: A bunny free day today! We started off with an update tour of the ~~high~~ site. & Sue then pulled me off H23 & stuck me with Eric on H39 to do ~~a~~ a section on one of the cells in the wall. I feel a real affinity with those walls. I feel I understand them & that they like me excavating them. What's more, I'm being allowed to develop my own excavation strategy & to evolve it as I'm going along with virtually no interference & I love it. Being given a bit of ~~responsibility~~ responsibility to do something of some ~~significance~~ significance suits me much better. I like to have a

degree of self reliance, I work better & think clearer. My understanding of these walls is growing with each encounter with them & the more enthused about a role in this project I become. I hope I can develop a significant role within the framework of this project. I don't think I'd like to leave it.

The "Anthrobods" started their experiments with landscape perception in earnest after a lot of tea by wrapping some of the stones in cling film & painting them with what looked for all the world like paw prints. Barbara Bender in particular seemed to be gushing about the lovely patterns in the cling film, & generally how wonderful the whole exercise was. Although I can see what C.T. is trying to do with questioning our reactions to the stones & their place & interaction with the landscape & altering & reordering our perceptions of that landscape the whole artistic "loquaciousness" of their approach leaves me rather cold. Kay on the other hand understands entirely where they are coming from & was loving it up with the best of them. I'd like to understand it all better but I've never been visually artistic & I'm afraid I just don't get it. Solid structural things that you can get your teeth into, that's what I like.

Day 10. 16/06/97: Not very happy with the way we were travelling in 39 today. We were just powering through things to get them done. I know the trench is lagging behind time a bit but it felt like a rescue dig rather than a research excavation. Doing the wall in particular ~~it~~ felt like vandalism rather than archaeology. Did my photo in the afternoon as well. Then I saw a wall section of H21 & Tony asked a series of questions about why I took it & things like that. I wonder what they'll help him learn? It was a lovely day on the moor again today. It's great up there when it

nice. The whole feel of the place changes. In marked contrast to feelings in H 32 which are rather greyer than the sky.

17/06/97 Day 11: Penni's last day with us today. Trips in will certainly be different & I can't see that the day could start any better. She calls us her children & we'll miss her. A nice leaving present for Penni was the finding of a feature in H 33 it's a shame she won't get to finish it. There's a big dinner party tonight too & Fay & Angus are going to cook our contribution. Feeling decidedly off tonight, lonely & isolated & I don't really know why.

Day 12 18/06/97 Day 12: Last nites party was good fun, I didn't really stay long but had a nice chat with Helen in her caravan. Today on site was good apart from the horrendous rain in the evening. Did more work on a couple of wall cells & the more I work on them the better I understand them. Sue is also prepared to listen to what I think.

Day 13 18/06/97: Well, rain very thoroughly stopped play this morning which was something of a relief to everybody especially in view of the fact that it might mean an extra day of site. We're all very tired, both mentally & physically. A few of us were at the bar last nite but everybody was very flat. We went over to the reconstruction of a 'Round House' at Trewortha (244753 O.S. Explorer 9) What an interesting day that was. Mike was in a foul mood with the van & was driving like an absolute maniac, had Jay been with us she'd have been decidedly unwell. The reconstruction itself though full of flaws & modern materials was non the less an excellent exercise in bringing the past to life for the children at whom it was pitched.

The farmer who built it told us an interesting story about how before it was built he used to take school groups up to the moor & sit them in the hut circles & try to convince them that they may once have been people's houses. They didn't believe him. After building the "round house" & talking to the kids inside it he could then take them on to the moor & they'd be charging about pointing out the hut circles all over the place. The farmer himself was, despite his self-effacing manner, a fount for the knowledge of countless specialists of all kinds with whom he has had contact during & after since the building of the house. He seems to have combined this with a very practical approach borne of 40 odd years of living & working on the moor. His basic approach is probably the same as that of the original builders in that he has made the best possible use of what materials he could acquire. ~~at the time~~ The building process itself threw up interesting questions like how, assuming the superstructure was tied together, would one have the time to make the 12000 feet of binding that he needed? He also reused ~~some~~ some of the timbers from the first time that he tried to build the house. Mr Lawrence would be a very valuable man to consult come any attempt at a reconstruction of a Leskernick 'house'. It would also be great to have him up on site one day, I think we ignore the views of men like that at our peril. One of the most striking things was his attitude towards the house. He has no desire whatever to open it up to tourists, he's created it for the children that stay at the farm & for anyone who is interested enough to trek across the moor to such a location to see it. His approach is wholly educational & even for us who could so easily dismiss his efforts as academically flawed, the house has refined our imaginations & when we go up on site again on Saturday

(providing it's not pissing it down with rain that is) we will all look at what we've got very differently. The trip confined absolutely to me of the value of reconstruction. Every aspect of ~~the~~ a reconstruction can add immeasurably to our perceptions of the past right from the practical knowledge gained from the building process itself to the way the finished image makes us re-evaluate our work. // 19/06/97 Day 14: I'm discovering a lot about myself here. One of the most important is my interaction with place. I've discovered that ~~that interaction~~ can only interact with the landscape of the site & the wider landscape of the moor & ~~the~~ even the campsite in absolute isolation unless I am by myself everything & everybody around me fades into an indefinable blur & I look but I don't see & hear but don't listen. I feel like I'm floating in a non-place which is made up of other people's views & perceptions. It becomes a place that I exist within but am no part of. I find that I can't ~~enter myself~~ become part of the landscape because it has been built by ~~other people~~ the minds of the people around me & their mental landscape is forced upon mine leaving my mind only the space to place my physical presence within it. I am not experiencing the landscape, I am having it experienced for me. For me that landscape is meaningless because it has not been created by my experience of it. I can't experience ~~the~~ my truth of the landscape in the presence of others because it is no longer my landscape it is theirs & I become part of their landscape. This 'intrusion' creates an enormous mental noise which feels as though it is being created by myself defending itself against the onslaught of other people's consciousness. The only parts of the landscape of the site which are of my creation are the wall cells of H32. Although in destroying their physicality I am mentally recreating them as I remove each stone. That mental recreation is entirely mine & any part that isn't I've invited to take its place. I can only think clearly when I am either working on the wall or completely

on my own. I can only see & feel the landscape on my own & I feel almost resentful ~~that~~ when there are other people in it, that they are removing my meaning from it & replacing it with theirs. I'm alone in the caravan as I write this & the noise of that mental siege is gone but I dare say I'll be back soon. If I don't get some time & space to myself without somebody else imposing their personality on me I will go round the bloody bend.

Day 15/20/06/97: Well bloody hell that was a miserably wet & windy day! 1st day back on site after 1 day rested off & 1 day officially off & if we hadn't had those days off we ~~in~~ not sure that we'd have coped. As it is it's taken a lot out of Fay, Dan & Angus & myself & I think well head for bed at 21:30. There is no work on site was miserable. It was actually rather good fun, Melan & Gary led the trench in silly songs & the day went by with much laughter but I'm tired so I'm going to stop writing & have a shower & go to bed.

Day 16: 21/06/97: The morning started with a very heavy rain. The prospect of a day like yesterday did not make for a very ~~to~~ bouncy start to the day to say the very least. On top of that ~~there was a~~ S.M.S.T. had a bit of a disappointment on the way in. It didn't turn out too bad though. It wasn't wonderful weather by any means but not too bad. I think that weather's dominating every body's thoughts at the moment. I've been very tense again today. I don't really know what's causing it but I hope I can get rid of it.

Day 17 22/6/97: Weather again. Cold. Lbs like
winter up here, amazing. We had a little

"Tour" of some of the cultural stores in one of the cluttered streamers very interesting. I'd like to know more about what the survey team's been up to but it's a bit late now. No nets, no tea, no sugar.

Day 20 / 25/06/97: Wow! a let up in the weather I was even working in a T-Shirt, for! We started backfilling 39 a bit today while the final large stones came of the facing of the wall at 'cell' A. We also emptied the wall of its rubble & fill & it really is beginning to make more sense, buckling & collapse sequences are becoming more evident & even S.H. who seems to have been a bit worried about the progress on H39 seems to feel that it's all going along & coming together nicely. Some decisions were made as to what could be accomplished & what would simply have to be left till next season. ~~but~~ we had finished those revised targets by the end of the day & every body left site feeling decidedly buoyant.

Dan, M.S.T., S.H. & I stopped off on the way back to Juli's with 'at the pub' Rising Sun. The much talked about "Doom Bar" was back on tap after a brief absence & M.S.T. treated us all to a few pints & dinner. A perfect end to a good day.

Day 21 / 24/06/97: These last few days are written retrospectively as I was just too knackered to think let alone write. Also I don't know what happened to days 18 & 19 I have no memory whatsoever of them!?

Thursday the 24th will probably go down as the more memorable day of the season for all of us. The weather was absolutely atrocious, far worse than anything that we had so far experienced but with only two days left to ~~clear~~ wind the project up we had ~~no~~ no real choice other than to

to go up on site. In the end we only lasted until about 13:30. The cold, wind & rain coupled to the endless bawling & bawling brought us all drenched & freezing & as we were not going to finish closing down that day no matter what we did the decision was taken to abandon effort on 39 & get out of the weather for a rest to recharge our batteries for the final push the day after. We didn't all go down though. Mst. Sil, Angus & Dan & Justin stayed up because 123 was almost done & seemed best to stay it out & finish it so that we could have all hands on 39. Probably the single most memorable thing that day occurred as we were leaving off site. It's difficult to describe how appalling the weather was, an understatement of the conditions is necessary to understand the elation we felt as MV appeared over the crest of a hill in the middle of nowhere clutching a bag of warm pasties & mugs!! He was instantly transformed into St Mike of Bodmin for that deed of unrivalled unselfishness & has also provided a powerful image of the sense of community that will all develop over the course of the dig.

As it turned out Angus, Dan & Co. weren't much later than us off the Hill & they were happy for having finished. I think we must have just bombed out for the rest of the evening because I can't remember anything past the mad dash I made at about 16:30 into Camelford to try to get some gloves for the next day; (cold hands & sharp granite is not much fun). The trip was more successful than I expected it to be & I came back 4 pairs of heavy duty waterproof gloves in a rather fetching shade of red. I dropped a pair each off for Helen & Gary & kept the others on me for whoever wanted them tomorrow!

Day 22: 25/06/97: The weather was not nearly as bad as we expected, in fact by the time we'd finished cleaning up the equipment it was quite nice. Amazing. The morning was very

muchly though & because we didn't have much time to fill in some pretty big holes, we changed it a bit or ended up making rather more of a mess than we should have done at H39. Hopefully the backfill will dry & settle though over the next few months. The move to buy the gloves was definitely the right one, the dry protected hands made a big difference to me. Barbara & the rest of the "anthrobooks" had offered to ~~take~~ cook for us this evening ~~but~~ so after we'd got back of site & cleaned up Fay, Angus, Eric & I took the opportunity to pay a last visit to the Rising Sun. We arrived just as SH & MST were leaving but they came back to join us despite having, being about in the carpark waiting for it to open. We only waited a few minutes in the end & it was worth it.

The dinner party was great fun although apparently - & I missed this despite it going on very close by - MST did a bit of a ship over the questionnaires & survey - go figure. Some how or another (I hope I didn't just barge!) I ended up in Helen & Gary's caravan, witness to some very bizarre dancing to things like radio signals!

It's unfortunate that we didn't really have the time or ~~enough~~ energy to get to know everybody better & I for one think that if I don't get a chance to go again it'll be an opportunity wasted.

Day 23 - Home. Everyone was a bit shell shocked to be heading back to London & all of us were going back with mixed feelings about returning home & leaving Doornin. The whole experience has sparked some very personal issues, ~~as~~ above all else I hope I held my end of the deal up & contributed positively to the project, I also hope that this is not my last chance to contribute.